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EXPELLING OF TROTSKY.

A most remarkable excommunication is reported to have occurred in Russia. A dispatch from Ekaterinoslav says Leon Trotsky was expelled from Judaism when his father, at a recent Sabbath service led forward his family of sons and grandsons and charged Leon, his son, with forsaking the faith.

"He has proved an enemy of Judaism and a curse to humanity," declared the father. "I want him expelled from the community of Jews, damned and cursed beyond redemption in earth, heaven and hell."

The presiding rabbi blew the horn east, west, south, north; read seven prayers and seven curses, and blew out seven candles on the altar. During the cursing ceremony Trotsky's mother fainted, but she was revived and again joined the other members of the family in disowning her son.

Leon Trotsky is the most powerful man in Russia. He has greater authority than had the czar, but he has staked against his religion and, therefore, even his father sought to have him cast out.

To a highly religious Jew, the expelling and cursing of a member of the religious body is worse than the inflicting of death on the body. It carries with it the damnation of the soul. No wonder the mother fainted when her son was cast into perdition.

WONDERS.
Children, tinkering with wireless telephony and toy making picture outfits, make us grownups realize that we will have to double our step to keep pace with the world.

Some nursery movie films are sold as low as a cent a foot. The price ranges up to 10 cents a foot for films that can't catch fire or explode.

Do you remember the first movie you saw—how it thrilled you? The scientific marvel of yesterday is the toy of today.

If it keeps on, we will be getting old-fashioned every 24 hours.

CHEERING.
Farmers, in the depths of gloom, should take cheer at this:
For the first eleven months of the year, wheat exports from our country were 269,497,218 bushels in 1921, against 192,383,561 bushels in 1920 and 138,566,764 bushels in 1919.

And, for 11 months, corn exports were 118,511,271 bushels in 1921, against 14,720,333 bushels in 1920 and 9,666,544 bushels in 1919.

This again proves that falling-off in foreign trade is largely a price hoax. The consolation is that these big grain exports will cut down the carry-over. That favors higher prices for farmers in 1922.

ARTIFICIAL.
Is civilization on the wrong track? A visitor comes to Ogden. With greatest pride, you point out the tallest buildings and other construction achievements like bridges and pavements.

City life, at its best, is artificial, unnatural. The things we build out of brick, steel and cement are merely tools for enabling civilization to exist.

The real civilization, often mis-called "culture," is not material. It is spiritual and intellectual. That is the real measure of a town—the character and knowledge of its people.

How ridiculous, to strive constantly for a bigger town instead of a better town.

YOUR 30 SLAVES.
Take away all our machinery and steam and electrical power, and it would require 3,000,000,000 hard-working slaves to duplicate the work done by Americans.

The use of power and machinery gives to every man, woman and child in our country the equivalent of 30 slaves.

This is figured out in the latest bulletin of the Smithsonian Institution. Why envy the nobleman, back in ancient Egypt or Baghdad, with 30 slaves toiling for him?
He had swift-running slaves bring him fish from the ocean and bird tongues from the mountains.
Today, with a few dimes, you can get a tin can of shrimp brought from Japan, a package of dates from Syria, a bag of nuts from Brazil, sardines from Norway.
Your slaves—machinery and power—bring them.
For a few cents you can buy enough

matches to start 1000 fires. When the ancient nobleman's fire was doused by the rain, he shivered in the cold until slaves made a blaze by friction or brought firebrands from afar.

Plenty of old settlers, now living, can recall the days before matches, when they ran a mile from the nearest neighbor's, with a shovelful of blazing coals.

Your real wealth is measured, not in money, but in the number of things you obtain to eat and wear, the ease with which you get them, the comforts and conveniences of your home, methods of transportation and amusement.

It is only a few centuries since even the richest kings had no sewers, running water, rapid transportation or any of the commonplace things that brighten the lives of all today.

Each year adds to our comforts and conveniences.

A few years ago, only the richest men in town had autos. Now there's an auto for every twelve Americans.

Henry Ford is experimenting with a mixture of glue, cotton and formaldehyde. He expects to make a powerful building material out of these. If he succeeds, he will stamp flivvers out like doughnuts.

That seems like a dream. But it is merely typical of the processes of mass production that have given the average persons luxuries that were denied the kings of antiquity.

Measured in ancient standards, we are all kings today, with the slaves of electricity, steam and machinery toiling constantly for us.

WORLD BONE DRY.
The world will be bone-dry in 1950, predicts "Pussyfoot" Johnson, of the Anti-Saloon League. He is back in his Ohio home after a nine months tour of Europe and India.

India will be the next country to give up liquor, says "Pussyfoot." India has 350,000,000 people. All except \$2,000,000 of these are forbidden to drink, by their religions. The Hindu wets are becoming temperate, "Pussyfoot" found. More important, they are running out of rum.

Denmark, which prefers whisky to beer, is climbing on the wagon—235 of its parishes have voted dry.

"Pussyfoot" Johnson may be guessing wrong on the absolute date at which the world will be bone-dry. But it's coming. The prohibition movement, which got its real start in America, is sweeping the world.

Man is freeing himself from the slavery of drugs and John Barleycorn, as he freed himself from human slavery.

WASTED.
The new Japanese yearly budget appropriates the equivalent of \$322,000,000 for army and navy. Schools get \$28,500,000.

Eleven times as much for war preparations as for education. The person who does not see the fallacy of that is a 14-carrot idiot. And people are beginning to see.

People, of all nations, of all races, are coming out of their trance. The super-hypnotist, War, is far from dead. But his ultimate extinction is inevitable. Handwriting is on the wall.

RHINELAND STORES PUT LIMIT ON SALES

COLOGNE, Jan. 2.—Because of the influx of foreigners to buy goods, many of the stores of the Rhineland have adopted the policy of keeping open for business only a few hours each day as protection, the managers claim, against being sold out before the holidays.

Numerous fur, glove and jewelry stores in Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne, Dusseldorf and other cities have announced in newspaper advertisements that owing to lack of stock they would remain closed until further notice.

In the occupied area, most storekeepers refuse to sell more than one article of a kind even to Germans and none to civilian foreigners unless they identify themselves by cards issued by the international Rhineland high commission, which some time ago, put out an order prohibiting the purchase of goods in large quantities by foreigners. This applies particularly to linens, woolen goods, silks, lace, dress materials, shoes and various cloths which foreigners have been seeking since October when the mark began to slide on the foreign exchange.

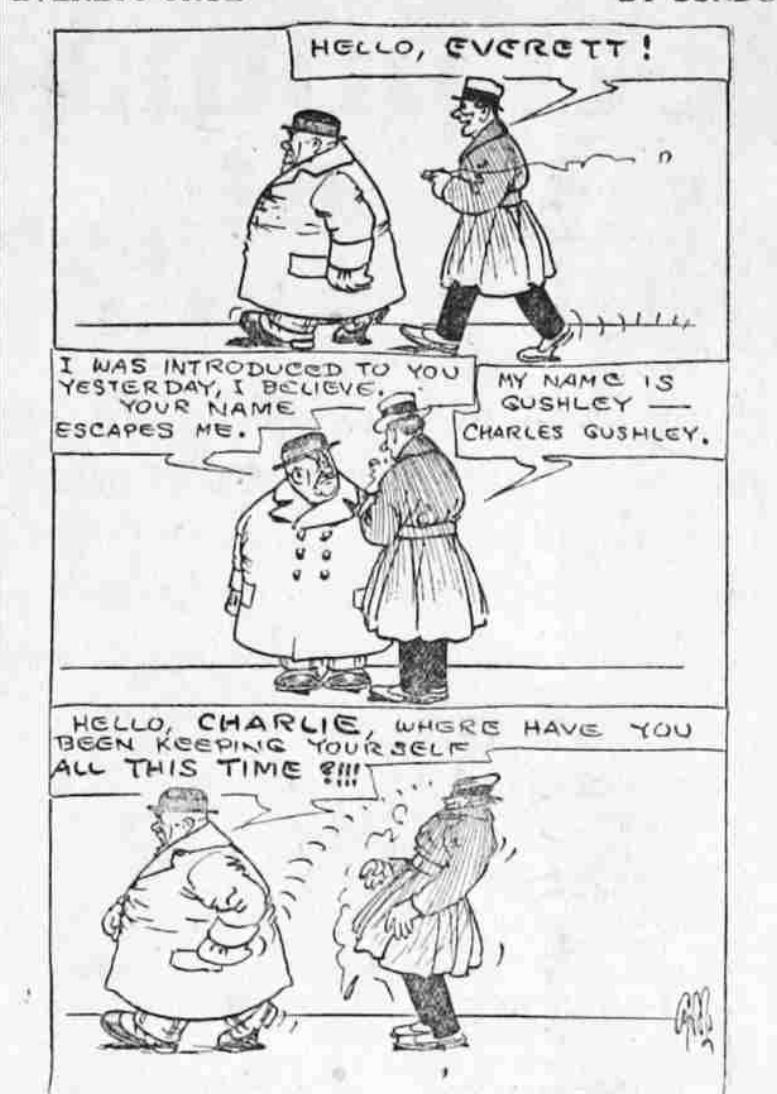
Soviet Russia built 60 locomotives during the last 12 months.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE—WE'RE A STEP IN ADVANCE

How time flies and how we progress. If a fellow wants to succeed nowadays he wants to keep a step in advance of his competitors. Those among you who are enjoying our sanitary plumbing agree that we render superior service and sell a high grade of plumbing supplies.

Utah Plumbing & Heating Co.
2344 Washington Ave.

EVERETT TRUE



My Dear Mr. Bronson:
I am informed, by the head of your provincial game commission, that you can be employed as guide for hunting parties wishing to hunt in the Clearwater, north of Bradleyburg. I do not wish to hunt game, but I do wish to penetrate that country in search of my fiancée, Mr. Harold Lounsbury, of whom doubtless you have heard, and who disappeared in the Clearwater district six years ago. I will be accompanied by Mr. Lounsbury's uncle, Kenly Lounsbury, and I wish you to secure the outfit and a man to cook at once. You will be paid the usual outfitter's rates for thirty days. We will arrive in Bradleyburg September 20 by stage. Yours sincerely,
VIRGINIA TREMONT.

This was the note that brought Bill Bronson to the brink of Grizzly River on a snow-driven day of October. In his party were Kenly Lounsbury, his nephew's fiancée, Virginia, and Bronson's cook, Vosper.

The weather, promising fair when they had ridden out of Bradleyburg into the forest, had turned cold. A heavy snow blanketed the forest; a snow that might have induced Bill Bronson to turn back, except for two things.

One was the promise that he had given Virginia Tremont to find her lost lover—a man whom he dimly recollected having met several years previously. The other was that this trip into the wilderness gave him one more chance to look for his father's lost mine, somewhere beyond Grizzly River.

Bronson's father and a man named Rutherford had discovered this mine; they worked it together for a season—and then no more could be learned of them or their whereabouts till it was verified that Rutherford had crossed from Canada into the states with the whole season's gleanings of gold, amounting to vast sums. Beyond the border he disappeared completely—and the only possible deduction was that he had murdered the elder Bronson and stolen the gold.

The trip from Bradleyburg to Grizzly River had been an arduous one. On the other side was a cabin which Bronson had erected as part of the chain he used when trapping the river, flowing wild, threatened death. But beyond was comfort.

Kenly Lounsbury, fresh from the office where he had amassed wealth by his wits, wanted that comfort. "Can't you try the ford?" he demanded of Bill.

"Sure, if you want," answered the woodsman, tall, straight, square-shouldered, not a caredevil but not lacking in courage.

As Bill rode into those gray and terrible waters on Mulvaney, a horse whose mettle equaled his rider's, Virginia Tremont's first instinct was to call him back, but for a single second she hesitated.

Then she pressed forward to the water's brink on Buster, a mount with heart of steel but lacking in the stamina that had given Mulvaney a name throughout the Clearwater.

"Oh, come back!" she finally found words. "Bronson—Bill—come back. Oh, why did I ever let you go!"

For Bill did not look around. Already the sound of the waters had obscured the voices on the shore. Again she called, unheard. Then she lashed her horse with the bridle rein. The animal strode down into the water. Vosper, his craven soul whimpering within him, had fallen to the last place in the line, but Lounsbury tried to seize her bridle as she pushed forward.

"Where are you going, you little fool?" he cried. "Come back!" The girl turned her head. Her face was white. "You told him to go in," she replied. "Now—it's the sporting thing—to follow him."

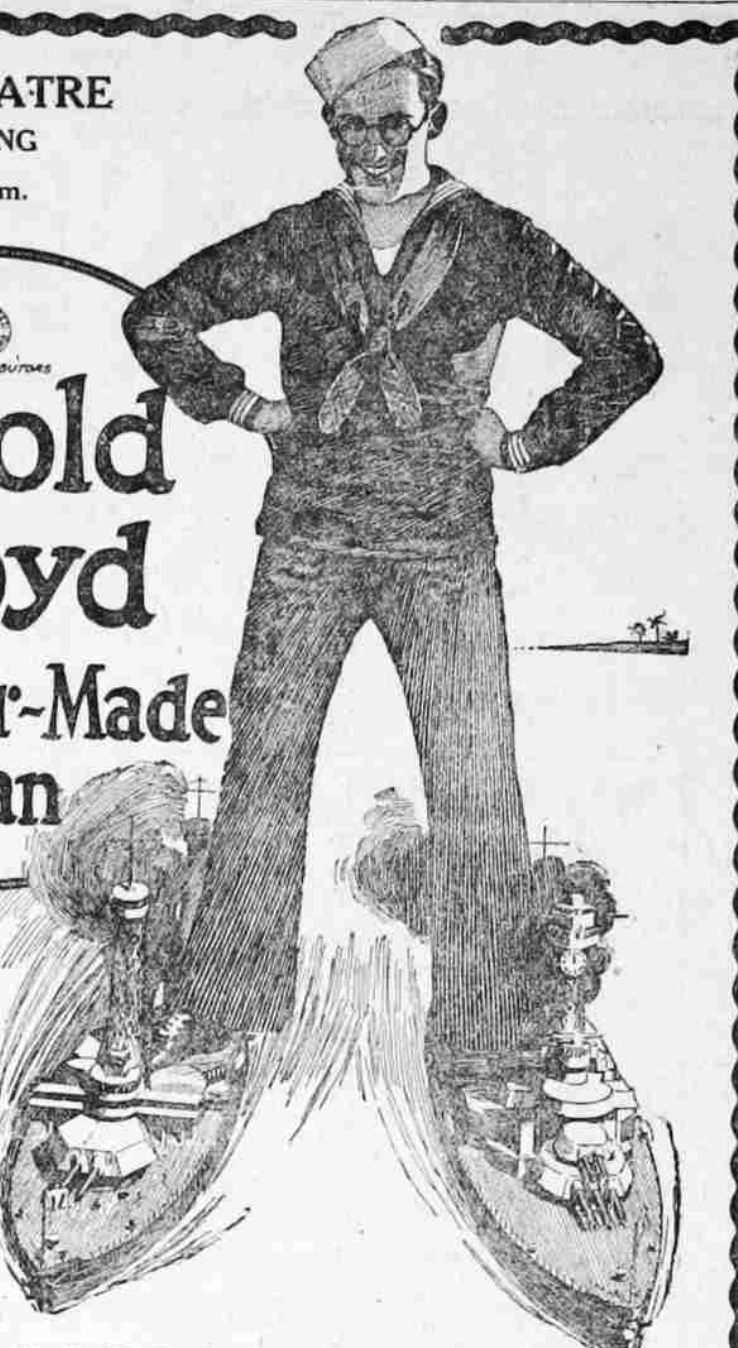
The water splashed about her horse's knees. Ahead of her, a dim ghost in the half-light, Bill still rode on toward the opposite shore. And now—full halfway across—he was in the full face of the current. It was all too plain that his horse was battling for its life. But Mulvaney was true. Perhaps some of his rider's strength went into his thews and sustained him. Slowly the water dropped lower. He was almost to safety. At that instant Bill glanced around, intending to warn his party not to attempt the crossing. He saw the dim shape of Virginia close behind him.

BY CONDO

OGDEN THEATRE
NOW PLAYING
1:45 to 11 p. m.

Harold Lloyd

in
A Sailor-Made Man



Ship Ahoy! Here's Gobs of Joy!

Also Curwood's
"THE WHITE MOUSE"

der. I'll try to work in to the nearest shore."

Her fingers locked in the cloth of his shirt. And he began, a little at a time, to cross the sixty feet of wild water between them and the shore.

He had never been put to a greater test. Every ounce of his strength was needed. He was heavily clothed and shod, and the girl, exhausted, was scarcely able to give aid at all. More than once he felt himself weakening. But the river gods were merciful after all. A jack pine had fallen on the shore, and its green spire, still clothed with needles, lay half-submerged, its feet out into the stream.

Bill's arm, encountered it, then snatched at it in a final, spasmodic impulse of his muscles. And his grip held fast.

"Hang on," he breathed. "Only a moment more."

He drew himself and the girl up on the slender trunk, then crawled along suit, and he wrung them as dry as he could. Then quickly she dressed again.

"Now—fast as you can walk toward the cabin. We're across the river, you know."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

ing them in his strong hands. She rubbed her legs dry with her palms, and put the stockings back on. Then she threw off her coat and, out of the trunk, she drew a pair of slippers. "I implore you for the love of the Madonna, let me stay here all night, and then when all the people have gone away, you will surely let me look just once again on my own boy."

She was kindly and tenderly told that her desire was impossible of fulfillment and it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded to leave the church.

It will perhaps be a comfort to the poor old woman that she will certainly believe to her dying day that her boy rests in the great monument of the Italian nation.

BELIEVES HER BOY IS UNKNOWN WARRIOR

ROME, Jan. 2.—A dynamite incident of the funeral of the unknown warrior in Rome has just become known. On the last night when the coffin was exposed in the grand Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, a poor old woman who had come from Venice appeared at the church and passionately implored those in command to allow her to see the face within the coffin because, she declared, her dead soldier son had ap-

peared to her in a vision and had assured her that his was the body buried in the sacred receptacle. Flinging herself on her knees she cried, "I implore you for the love of the Madonna, let me stay here all night, and then when all the people have gone away, you will surely let me look just once again on my own boy."

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CARPENTERS NOTICE

Quarterly meeting will be held Wednesday evening, January 4th, 7:30 p. m. at I. O. O. F. Hall—Luncheon, 1450.

Z. A. LOWE, Secretary.

A BIG SHOW—

FIRST TIME SHOWN IN OGDEN

ADULTS . . . 20c
KIDDIES . . . 10c



Women Who Wait

With
Marguerite Clayton
Creighton Hale and Geo. McQuarrie

Also big laugh comedy. Starting today New Year's policy. Admission, adults 20c; kiddies 10c. First theatre in Ogden to reduce admission prices. Two changes weekly. Starting Thursday, a big western show, "That Girl Montana."

UTAH THEATRE

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR